

Although the law is generally regarded As stern and dignified and its majesty is universally respected, many incidents of an amissing character occur in court. Locally, however, the scene of the majority big unbrellas, which act to keep its nose and head accounts for the balloon tends to rise, which was exactly the opposite of what was the case with the egg-shaped or spherical formed balloon. Behind it it has a half-dozen big unbrellas, which act to keep its nose and head accounts for the balloon tends to rise, which was exactly the opposite of what was As stern and dignitied and its majesty is of the smiles, legally speaking, is the room wherein are held the examinations of law graduates seeking admission to practice before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia The committee of the Bar Association charged with the conduct of such examinations is presided over by Mr. Hugh T. Tuggart, who for many years has filled the position of principal assistant in the office of the United States attorney for the District of Columbia. Statements he has heard from hundreds of embryo lawyers would constitute a volume that as a laugh provoker ould allow the famous Joe Mil ler Joke Rook a good handicap and yet ilnish far in the lead in a race of humor. Mr. Taggart has charge particularly of the criminal feature of the bar examina-tions, paying especial attention to the law

'Mr. Pleader, what is meant by 'cooling "Mr. Pleader, what is meant by cooling time in connection with a homicide case?" inquired Mr. Taggart of a young disciple of Blackstone at a recent examination. Now, "cooling time" in law means time for the mind to become so caim and sedate that it is supposed to contemplate, comprehend and coolly act with reference to the processing set of the contemplate of the contempl consequences likely to ensue. But Mr. Pleader did not so regard it. His answer the query of the examiner was confident

and given without hesitation. It was:

"The time that elapses between the killing and the arrival of the coroner."

Mr. Taggart was considerably enlightened through this answer as to the law of homicide, but Mr. Pleader has not yet been admirted to the her.

"Talking about people being peculiar," remarked an old trainer out at the Benning race track the other day, "if there is anything more peculiar than race horses I haven't come across it. Race horses, I mean thoroughbreds, of course, are as full of whims as—well, as a woman, and you've got to humor them just the same as women. I remember one I trained some years ago-a horse. I mean, of course. He was a great one, and few of them could show him the way in. Yet that fellow couldn't be exercised in preparing him for a race uless the boy on him was rigged out in the stable's regular colors. You couldn't fool him about it, either, for he knew just as well whether the boy was fully dressed as we did, and if he wasn't you couldn't get the old fellow on the track. But when the boy put on the duds, why, the old horse would go out and do all that was wanted

Then there was another that I had that wouldn't associate with other horses, and the consequence was that we had to train him by himself. Actually had to wait every until every other horse was off the Then, when he had the whole track him off when we thought he had been given enough. This same one we had to send to the post by himself, and when we got him there we had to keep him away to one side, off from the bunch. Another one I had was just the opposite, for he wouldn't on the track, either for exercise or for

others that will not try unless they are given both whip and spurs. But, as I said,

between 14th and 15th, there was a cry of wagon to get something else, when the fox his arms, appeared on the scene, and before any one could interfere he pulled one of the chickens out of the crate, bit its neck and started down. P street with the chicken in its mouth. A man chased it as far as 15th street, but as the fox gained headway at street, but as the fox gained headway at every jump he soon gave up the chase. At 17th street a Japanese servant who works for a navul officer residing on that street picked up the chase and ran the fox for a block or so. The fox went down P street until Massachusetts avenue was reached, when he heated for Rock creek and disap-peared. The cuteness and boldness of the fox in getting a chicken direct from the gossip among the market people for the rest of the day. In the suburbs every now and then foxes have been seen, but, as far us I know, this was the first fox that secured his supplies direct from market. He was one of the ordinary red foxes that are found in Virginia and Maryland."

clerk in the office of collector of taxes to a Star reporter, and until the end of the month it will get worse and worse. Paying taxes is like buying Christmas goods. It matters not how many promises are made that it will be done before the rush is on, it is not done. It has to get in the air before it impresses itself upon one. It is much more satisfactory, as the storekeepers continually tell, for those who are after Christmas goods to buy them when the stock is complete, and in this way get the best that is offered, at the same time avoiding the rush. Though we have only one grade of goods at the tax office, people will find it much more satisfactory, and certainly more comfortable, personally, if they will call next week. After that there be crowds, and a crush, and it need xplanation of the taxes and the bills, as some demand. If people will postpone pay-ing taxes until the last days of the month, will find that they can save time if will secure their tax bills in advance. This can be done by simply dropping a pos-tal card request to the collector, giving the name in which the property stands on the tax books and its location, the number of the lot and square being necessary in many cases, though not in all. Sometimes a name of an owner is sufficient to ocate a plece of property, for property is kept on the books according to names arranged alphabetically, but when the owner is one of the Jones. Brown, Smith or other populous families the name is hardly sufficient.

"The balloon which has been purchased by the Greeky for the Sleval Corns.

by Gen. Greely for the Signal Corps, and which will make its flights in this city, is ell right as far as efficiency is concerned but it is far from the generally conceived bleal as far as shape is involved," observed a scientific man to a Star reporter, "I made series of ascensions during the past summar in the balloon from which the Signal Corns bulloon is to be copied-indeed. I was to Vienna when Gen. Greely ordered it. The balloon of the past and of fancy s a handsome, gracefully formed affair, senerally egg-shaped, though now and then epherical. But though it looked pretty it was not selectific, and looks have to play second fiddle when science asserts its pow-Nearly all experiments in the air are de with captive balloons and the oldfashloned shape balloon was found to be

ground, and now and then they have been dashed to the earth, destroying the occu-pants. For sailing; that is, for pleasure sailing, the old-fashioned balloon will do as well as any, but it does not act well in captivity. The modern balloon is formed like a huge sausage. It is about one hundred and twenty-five feet in length and about twenty-five feet in diameter. It is rigged up so that its head keeps up in the air, and when it is affect, it acts like a air, and when it is affight it acts like a big earth worm. The stronger the wild blows the more the balloon tends to rise, and head constantly in the teeth of the nuch better. As may be imagined, it is not an attractive looking thing, but as it keeps close to the lines of local resistance it forced itself upon the scientific world. In Vienna the sausage balloon has been in constant use for several years, and under all conditions of weather has been found to work satisfactorily. The Signal Corps balloon will be built to carry five persons with comfort, besides necessary scientific apparatus. It is in no sense a war balloon, except that it can be used in making observations, and it is not intended to use t for the purpose of showering down dyna-nite upon an enemy, or an enemy's ships t sea, though the coming war balloon may adopt some of its lines. I was told that it would arrive here in January or February."

SOME BRIDAL SEND-OFFS.

Two Brand-New Jokes Played on Re-

cent Couples and the Misery Wrought There were sixteen bridal couples at the Raleigh Hotel last week. A good-natured lot of brides and grooms, too, they were. One couple, who registered from Kentucky, arrived in Washington early in the week. after a most unhappy journey. When they boarded an early evening train which passed through their little town on its way to Cincinnati to join the main road they thought their identity as a bride and groom had vanished. They had taken much pains to conceal all evidence of their being newly married. As soon as they entered the car they saw an unmistakable smirk pass over the countenances of all the other passenup and went into the next car. To their utter discomfiture, the same thing occurred. There was no mistake-they were unquestionably the objects of much sup-pressed mirth. Even the conductor showed evidences of the strain upon him to control his amusement. Before many stations had been passed the direct cause leaked out. Every passenger on the train had been given a card. It was about five inches by three and neatly engraved. It read: 'This will introduce to you Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Moore. They were married this afternoon. Any attention you may show them will be greatly appreciated by the citizens of Kentucky Cincinnati, their goal of hope, was not far distant. They were to change cars there and get on the Chesapeake and Ohlo road. They enfered the sleeper toldly and with confidence. The first glance at the passengers who were already in their seats showed them the augacious cards had mysteriously preceded them. The bride only regained her composure after they reached the Raleigh and she found there the citizens between Waugh Chapel and

he Baltimore and Ohio station on Satur-lay evening were treated to a spectacle which delighted the soul of the small boy. the track, either for exercise or for unless he was accompanied by anorse.

There was an exclusive and interesting little wedding at the parsonage about 7:30. During the ceremony, while the carriages other horse.

"Then there is the horse that runs true as long as he is in the lead, but will stop and give up the fight the moment another other hand, there is the horse that tries all other hand, there is the horse that tries all flowers, with long white streamers. The base carries a whip, while there are others that will not try unless they are given both whip and spurs. But, as I said, they are very peculiar, and have as many whims as mankind."

"Fox hunting in the city is a rather unusual sport," remarked a police officer to a Star reporter," but It has occurred several times to my knowledge, and notably one morning last week. It was early, however, and on that account not many participated in it. As the market people were unloading their stuff at the Riggs market, on P street between 14th and 15th, there was a cry of the people on the street gave a shout, people in houses ran to their front doors and windows. One glance at the ribbon-bedecked carriage told the story. The bell was securely tied under the very street was a cury of the carriage. The people on the street gave a shout, people in houses ran to their front doors and windows. One glance at the ribbon-bedecked carriage told the story. between 11th and 15th, there was a cry of The bell was securely tied under the ve-fox, and for a moment all work was stop- like. The bridge grew hysterical and tried fox, and for a moment all work was stopped. It appears that one of the old colored auntles had put a crate of chickens down in front of her stand, and had gone to her his arms, and the people at the station were expecting them. The bell could be heard three blocks ahe of eager hands were ready to carry the lug-gage, and the groom carried the bride. They caught the train, but it was a very hystercal and unhappy young woman who started her wedding tour that night.

Holding to the Average. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Your police force is a fine, well-built lot

"Yes, they don't vary ten pounds either way from 170 pounds in weight."

"That's strange. Are they picked men?"
No. This is the old force made over.
The chief has a system. He put all the fat men on the long beats and the thin men on the short beats. Then he watched closely and changed them every time they varied either way from the 'And the law breakers? What about

"Oh, they were affected, too. Out in the suburbs where the fat men were they didn't dare to commit any depredations be-

policemen chased them they would get thin and thus be enabled to run 'em down next time. And on the downtown beats, the short beats, the thin policemen would overhaul them in no time. Oh, it's a beautiful system!"

"Now, George Gazzam," said the teacher, you may tell what you know of the social ustoms of the ancient Greeks and Ro-

The ancient Greeks and Romans," re plied young Mr. Gazzam, in a loud and metallic tone of voice, "were allowed to marry only one wife each, and this was alled monotony."-Judge.

"Think! Think! Oh, if you could only think!" The proud girl in the large-check-ed skirt turned a calcium glare of scorn on the chrysanthemum-decked youth. Then "But every time you try to think you foozle!" And yet they say the golf dialect serves no purpose.—Baltimore

His wife-"It's just 1 o'clock. I'm going to my milliner's to try on my new hat and I'll be back in ten minutes." He—"All right, but remember that we ave dinner at 8 o'clock."—Chicago Tribune,



"What are you crying for, little girl?" "Boo-hoo, 'oo's sittin' on my jam tart!"-

"One afternoon, quite a good many years ago, William J. Florence and John T. Raymend met in the cafe of the Russell House in Detroit," said a palmy-day actor who was in Washington with a traveling company not long ago. "They were both playing engagements in the city of straits. On the night before both men had sat up preity late-rather, early-with a party of con-vivials, and neither of them felt particularly hilarious when, shortly after turning out of bed, they happened to line up together in the Russell House cafe. They looked each other over sheepishly, without saying much, until after they inserted into themselves the preparations concected for them by the man behind the bar. Then Raymond thrust his hands into his trousers Raymond thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, took a stand directly in front of Florence, with his legs spread out, and examined the famous J. Bardwell Slote critically.

cally.
"'William,' he said, solemnly, to Florence, 'last night I observed with solicitude, not unmixed with sorrow, that your well-known addiction to the bowl is growing fast upon you. Be warned in time, my good fellow! Think of the ruined intellect, the shattered health, the-er-desolated home-

"'Oh, go to the dickens,' said Florence.
"'Ha!' went on Raymond, with a ludierous assumption of solemnity. 'It is thus that all slaves of the grape, or soon-to-be slaves of the grape, thrust aside the adjura-tions of those who have their welfare close at heart. William, be cautioned in time Put away from you, once and forever, this awful habit that is-

"Why, confound your impudence, Ray-mond, burst out Florence, whose head was of such proportions, owing to the previous night off, that he couldn't quite perceive whether the genial Col. Sellers was jesting or not, 'if you didn't take two to my one last night, and show 'em, too, I'll never see the footlights again."

"But I,' said Raymond, pointing to himself with an air of the said.

self with an air of insufferable egotism, 'I can use it or let it alone. It's all one to me whether or not I ever again inhale the bouquet of the grape. Whereas you-you, my poor friend—'
"And Raymond pulled out his handker-chief and pretended to wipe away a tear

from the corner of each eye. Florence's eyes twinkled. 'Look here, Raymond,' he said, 'it's now October the 13th, isn't it? All right. I'll just tell you what I'll do with you. After we have one more nerve restorer in this place I'll bet you the best suit of clothes that can be made in New York for money that I won't take another drink until Christmas eve—that is, on condition that you make the same bet. It'll be a case of honor bright, of course. I'm going east, and you're going west. The man that takes the first drink is to immediately notify the other by wire.'

'William, you're on,' said Raymond. "William, you're on, said Raymond.

He hadn't intended to have his little joke
taken that way, but he was game, and he
stood for the bet. As a matter of fact,
neither Florence nor Raymond was addicted to excessive drinking. They were simply men of liberal habits—men of the stamp
who took a drink when they wanted it who took a drink when they wanted it. So they took a final bracer in the Russell House cafe that afternoon and went forth, both resolved to be good until Christmas eve.
"Now, in truth, both of them found the

bet to be a pretty irksome affair before they were as much as a week older. They naturally fell into congenial company a good deal, where they were expected to give evidence of the nimble wit which they both possessed in such high degree in private life, and they both afterward admitted that with the teetotaler bet hanging over them they often feit like death's heads at the feast, what, with the popping of the corks all around and they clinging virtu-ously and resolutely to vichy and milk. But they stuck to the terms of the bet with dogged determination for weeks.

"On the night of December 2, more than six weeks after the bet had been made, Florence was taken in tow after the night performance by a party of well-known, high-class New York men, that included such bright souls as Larry Jerome, William Travers, Charles Osborne and other wits of national reputation. The party repaired to the Hoffman House apartments of one of them. The magnums began to appear by the case, and there soon commenced an exchange of dazzling talk such as, I fear, is not often heard nowadays. But Florence didn't expand. All hands noticed that he was under reefed sails. He was almost gloomy. Vichy and milk was his'n and be couldn't be parsuaded to delive ers stuttered something to the general of cet that as a duenna Florence was a howlfasco. But Florence was not to be

'Gentlemen,' he said to them, with gloomy dignity, 'I am bound in chains in this matter. Plead with me not.' "Whereupon they all roared at him, and ne looked completely miserable. The riot of wit and laughter went on, with Florence sitting twiddling his thumbs hopelessly, when there was a knock on the door. "'Come in,' shouted the gentleman in

hose apartments the fun was going on. "A Western Union messenger Telegram for Mr. William J. Florence

"Florence nodded the boy to him, and pened the telegram with a bored expression. He had no idea of its contents. "He read it, and then he jumped several et in the air. There was a broad gri on his face.
"'Jerome,' said he, 'just touch that but-

ton for me, will you, please? I want to order another case of magnums.' "The telegram, which was from Chicago,

'You win. Raymond.' "

0om Paul at Home. From the London Mati.

The thousands of carlcatures and more less flippant pen-and-pencil portraits that have appeared of "Oom Paul" during the last few weeks have in the majority of cases been much more amusing than cor

It is said of him that he has only read

two books in his life, one the Bible and the other the "Pilgrim's Progress." His knowledge of history is confined to the revolt in the Netherlands and the rise of the Trans vaal, while the whole vast world of art is to him a closed book. His manner, both to his familiars and strangers, is loud and overbearing. When he speaks he gestleu-lates freely, and he invariably shouts at the top of his voice. Although President Kruger is immensely rich he lives in a very unostentatious way, and his meanness i proverblal. He dresses in a suit of heav and ill-fitting black. People who have ha interviews with him say that the generally shabby effect of his clothes is very much heightened by the fact that they appear

to be seldom, if ever, brushed.
"Oom Paul" is a great smoker, but few
people in England would care to try the tobacco that he uses. The black Boer "ta-baken" is extremely strong and acrid in taste, and if it is smoked too much it has most disastrous effect on the nerves. One of the perquisites of the presidential posi-tion is an allowance of 6300 a year from the

Hon is an allowance of (300 a year from the state as "coffee money." This is allowed for the entertainment of guests. President Kruger spends a good deal of this allowance literally upon coffee, for he drinks enormous quantities of this every day.

Most of the business of the day is transacted on Oom Paul's "stoep," or veranda, over a cup of coffee, before 6 a.m.

When a boy of ten Paul Kruger followed his father's cattle as they were driven over the prairie in what is known as the "Great Trek," when the Boers began to first ex-Trek," when the Boers began to first explore the unknown regions of the Transvaal. He is, therefore, not merely a superior intelligence chosen to preside over the Boers, but he is himself in every way a typical burgher of the Transvaal. A Boer Puritan of the old stubborn stock, he hates all foreigners and is especially antagonistic

to the English.
The favorite Boer expression "Verdoemde Engelschman" is one that he has been heard to use more than once when excited.

No Evidence.

From Pearson's Weekly. Ambitious Maiden-"I think it is awfully mean. The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it." Fond Mother-"Dear me! How Ambitious Maiden-"I've looked all through every page, and there isn't a tear-drop anywhere."

No Danger.

From Brooklyn Life.

Bingo-"Why don't you send the children up in the country to visit their grand Mrs. Bingo-"Do you think it would be Bingo-"Perfectly. She's too old to re-

A famous actress who played an engagement in Washington not many weeks ago had been on intimate terms years ago in a Capitol Hill home in a coupe at about 11 o'clock in the morning, and the fun that she had from then on until 7 o'clock in the evening was something glorious. She hadn't any more than removed her wraps before she began to skylark with the three young

children of her woman friend, and ten min-

utes after she arrived she was sliding down

the banisters with them.

"It seems so nice to be turned loose in a little old home again," said the famous actress, "that-well-"

And she made for the kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, and delighted the old darky servant by wiping the luncheon dishes as they probably hadn't been wiped since the housekeeping plant was started. Then the little ones got hold of her again, and inlittle ones got hold of her again, and insisted on her playing horse and bean-bag with them. She played bean-bag and horse with them for an hour, and then—
"I simply must make a chocolate cake," she said. "I haven't made a chocolate cake in years and I've been bankering to make

in years, and I've been hankering to make one for months. If you do not let me make a checolate cake"—addressing her woman friend mock-tragically—"I shall do something rash," and she caught up a pair of scissors and waved them about ominously.

So she swooped upon the kitchen again, and in ten minutes she was flour from head to foot. But the chocolate cake was a thing of beauty both to the eye and the nalate when it was ready for eating

palate when it was ready for eating. Then, from the kitchen windows, her quick eye caught sight of the two fox-terrier pups in their kennel in the back yard She went into the back yard and romped with them for half an hour, and then she cut her stock up into pretty ribbons and bows wherewith to ornament the pups'

When she returned to the dining room she suddenly concluded that she couldn't live another hour if she were not permitted to polish the silver. Her woman friend laughingly protested that she hadn't hired the the cleaning, but the protestation didn't go. The actress pitched in and polished the siler until the sideboard was dazzling to be

A party of half a dozen of the hostess young women friends-most of them stage-struck-came in during the afternoon, filled with awe over the prospect of meeting the great actress face to face and talking with her. They found her sitting in the middle of the dining room floor, cutting out paper dolls for the two little girls and building block houses for the little boy. She soon put the young women at their ease, and hey began to ask her things about acting

and the stage in general.
"The stage?" said the actress, wonderingly. "Oh, yes, the stage. I had quite forgotten all about it," and the fox-terrier pups having been inadvertently admitted to he house through the kitchen door just at

that moment, she was on the floor and roll-ing with them like a tomboy.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely to have thou-sands of people just hanging on your words," said one of the young women, "and waiting breathless for." vaiting, breathless, for-

"I'd rather have a little old home," said the actress, and just then one of the little girls brought her a paper bag to "blow up and bust." She "busted" it. After the young women had gone she played "hi spy" with the young ones for a while, and then she descended upon the kitchen and again fumbly asked to be allowed to prepare the macaroni for dinner. "Please, ma'and let'me," she said to the

fix it. And it's as jolly to fix it, anyhow, as it is to eat it."

Permission being accorded, she pitched in to grate the cheese and to get the macaroni was served it was a triumph. Then she permitted one of the little girls to give her a player lesson procedure.

a plano lesson, receiving the instruction with all the sciemalty in life, after which she performed beautifully for a while. Then she surreptitiously slipped out of the house with the three children, and when they re-turned a few moments later the little ones turned a few moments later the little ones had whole armfuls of candies and sweet cakes and such. Then the great actress cut out and scelloped a lot of vari-hued tissue paper for the kitchen cuphoards, and when

ress reproachfully. You'd really think he had never seen the inside of a house efore, and she has been working like a lave. I believe she'd have chopped the andling wood if I had let her." "She's a womanly woman, all right, all right," thought the man.

The actress' coupe came to the door at 7 clock, and when she heard the rumble of he wheels and the footman's ring sh

Some day, maybe," she murmured, with far-away expression in her eyes, "I'll have a little old home myself, and then-" A bit more than an four later no less a man than Admiral Dewey, seated in a box was splitting his gloves over her perform-

GEN. BULLER'S COMMAND. It is the Largest British Army Ever Sent Abroad.

from Pearson's Weekly.

It has been officially stated that General Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., will have under his command during the present war in the Transvaal no fewer than 70,000 British troops. This is probably the largest number of men ever placed at one time under the supreme control of one leader, viewing the fighting strength of the British army (Europeans) in the great wars of comparatively modern times.

At Waterloo the Duke of Wellington had ust fewer than 24,000 British troops under his command, while Lord Ragian, in the Crimea, never had more at one time than 36,000 Britishers fighting under him. In the Indian mutiny Lord Clyde (then Sir Colin Campbell) had but 40,000 troops, with whose assistance, and the help of that portion of the Indian army which remained faithful to its allegiance, he was enabled to quell the most serious outbreak of modern

Going a little farther back to the time of the great and prolonged peninsula war. Wellington thought he was a fortunate man if he could direct an army corps of 30,000 British troops, while the great Mariborough, at Blenheim, led to victory, and against fearful odds, an army of 16,000

trong.

Lord Wolseley was expected in the Egyptian war of 1885 to scatter the forces of the mahdi, a very considerable force, con-sisting of over 50,000 Arabs, and to assume Arabs, and to assum the practical dictatorship of the Soudan, with a British force only of 30,000 men, while Lord "Bobs," as the hero of Candahar is playfully called, that is to say, Lord Robis playfully called, that is to say, Lord Roberts, could rely on no more than 13,000 European troops to oppose the forces of the then turbulent Areer of Afghanistan, in the Afghan war of 1878. Sir Redvers Buller is, therefore, an exceedingly fortunate man in finding himself at the head of a fighting army whose numbers exceed by 2,000 the total allied forces whom Wellington commanded at Waferloo. on commanded at Waterloo.



'Is-a-Mrs. Fitzsimmons in?" pardon me. I just now saw her en "Yes-and she saw you!"-Punch.

FLORENCE WON THE BET MADE HERSELF AT HOME EVENED UP THE SCORE

"Once having made a tool of a man or boy in the racing business, it is never the spent a day at the modest Capitol Hill part of wisdom to throw him overboard on home of a woman friend with whom she the presumption that he is a dead one, said a man whose hair has become frosted western city. The actress arrived at the in his pursuit of the thoroughbreds. "Turf followers have a queer old habit of resurrecting themselves at inopportune moments when it seems that they are so deeply buried that they'll never struggle to the surface again, and when they do run a shoe-tongue into a tan-yard they are more than liable to 'get hunk' with former pals who have cast them aside in the hour of adversity. It is a particularly dangerous proposition for any man connected with racing to do business with a jockey. I never heard of a bit of jockey 'tampering' that didn't get out sooner or later, to the disadvantage of the man who did the cor-rupting. And there are cases on record of jockeys who, after being ruled off for crooked work, have become exacting pen-sioners on the hands of the men responsible for their downfalk for long stretches of years. I recall the case of one jockey, how-ever, who, while he wasn't set down through following the directions of the bookmaker he did business with, was treated with characteristic meanness by the latter when he was up against it owing to an accident; and the way this jock got even with his former tamperer was unique.
"The boy's name was Kelley. He wasn't

exactly a boy-he was a man of twentytwo or so when this thing happened-but all jocks are boys in turf phraseology. He was one of the best of the riders on the old outlaw tracks, and at Guttenberg especi-ally he had most of the other jockeys faded. Well, the morale, so to speak, of Guttenberg wasn't of a particularly exalted char-acter, as you may remember, and Kelley wasn't any better or any worse than the rest of the people mixed up with the weird game at 'the Gut,' as it is referred to by the old-timers. That is to say, Kelley had a bookmaker on his staff, and it was an off day with Kelley when he didn't put up a ride in accordance with this bookmaker's orders. All of the jocks at the Gut did things of a similar sort, but Kelley was en-abled to throw the biggest money into his bookmaker's hands, because, being a topnotch outlaw rider, most of his mounts went to the post favorites; so that when he snatched a horse it meant the good of the books, and of his bookmaker particularly, for the latter would, of course, lay the longest price in the ring against a horse that he knew, warn's gainst target his missing for the missing against a horse that he knew wasn't going to reach the wire first Kelley profited fairly well at the hands of this bookmaker, and on his side he was absolutely loyal in his crookedness. He invariably delivered the goods. He had the knack of making it appear to the people with the field glasses that he was riding like a flend, when in reality he had his horse pulled double, and when he was following orders he could permit the favorite under him to be beaten out by a nose on the wire in a way that would raise the hair of the folks in the stand.

"Well, one day Kelley was dumped from a horse he was riding and broke his leg. He had been improvident and extravagant, like most of the jockeys of that day, so that when the accident put him on the flat of his back he found himself broke. What was more natural than that he should send to more natural than that he should send to the bookmaker whose orders he had been following for a long time for assistance: He wrote to the bookmaker and asked for a loan of \$100. The bookmaker ignored the request. Then the laid-up jockey sent a friend to the bookie. The latter made some remark about not coughing up for the oats and keep of dead ones—he figured, you see that Kelley's injuries were such that he "Please, ma'ant, let' me," she said to the hostess, pleadingly. ("I eat lots of macaroni at hotels, but it's not half as nice as I can fix it. And it's as jolly to fix it, anyhow, hard and did some robust thinking while his broken leg was healing.

"Two months after his accident Kelley, addack in the set his accident Kelley." wouldn't be able to get back to the riding game. So the jockey had to stave off doc-tors' and other bills as best he could, and 1

"Two months after his accident Kelley, somewhat pale, turned up in the paddock one morning and announced that he was fit ride agam. His services were immedictely in demand, and Mike Daly got him o ride his horse, Gloster, in the first race on the card. Gloster was the best horse in ecident and afterward turned him down got to Kelley by the underground process, through an agent, with the inquiry as to whether a little business couldn't be done on Gloster. Kelley, with all the good natur on Gloster. Kelley, with all the good nature in life, sent word that there could, certainly; that he could get Gloster beaten by an eyelash. The betting opened, and Gloster was the favorlte all over the ring at odds of 1 to 2 on. Then Kelley's bookmaker began to shoot the price up—first to 3 to 5 on, then to 4 to 5 on, then to even money, and then right up to 6 to 5 and even 7 to 5 against. The way that bookie hauled in the money on Gloster was a caution. the money on Gloster was a caution seemed that every plunger and casual bet-ter in the inclosure wanted a piece of Glos-ter at Kelley's bookmaker's odds-all the rest of the books still held Gloster at 1 to 2 on—and the bookmaker took in thousands of dollars on the horse. When they were still whacking him with Gloster bets he be-came somewhat nervous, and sent his agent again to Kelley for reassurance. Kelley old the agent again that Gloster wasn

ing to win.
"'He's taking in billions on Gloster,' said the agent to Kelley.

"Let him handle the whole mint on the nag,' replied Kelley. 'Gloster may get the place, but I doubt it.'

"In the meantime the judges had got next to the big odds the one bookmaker-Kelley's bookmaker-was offering against Gloster. bookmaker—was onering against Gioster, and, naturally enough, they became sus-pictous. Five minutes before the horses were due to go to the post, therefore, they called Kelley into the stand and asked him squarely if there was 'anything doing' by which Gloster was going to get beat.

'If Gloster doesn't win this race,' replied Kelley, 'you can rule me off for life.' turned to his newspaper he heard a "Kelley had put every man, woman, child faint sigh. He glanced at his wife, and and dog that he knew at the track on to noted that her expression was one of pathe fact that he was going to win by a Philadelphia block on Gloster, and the bookmaker who had turned him down when he was on the flat of his back in the middle of winter with a broken stem got the play of all of them. Dollar bets and \$1,000 bets all looked alike to the bookmaker.

horses emerged from the paddock, the bookmaker, with his glasses in his hand, was leaning against the rail, and he looked up with a grin to catch Kelley's eye. He caught Kelley's eye, but there was no recaught Keliey's eye, but there was no responsive grin. There was a dirty sneer on Keliey's drawn, pale face, and as he caught sight of the leering bookmaker he drew Gloster up just for an instant and spat viciously in the direction of the man who is a standard blue with ingrating the caught had been supported by the caught had b viciously in the direction of the man who had treated him with ingratitude. The bookmaker saw in that instant that he was ditched. His face went white, and he clutched the rail, and he was still dipoint list in the same to you, and don't you lose sight of the fact. ditched. His face went white, and he clutched the rail, and he was still digging his finger nails into the rail when, a few moments later, the victorious Gloster, who moments later, the victorious Gioster, who had won by half a furlong, was led into the paddock, with Kelley walking alongside of him. When the bookmaker got through him. When the bookmaker paying off the Goster bets he ousiness, and when the story of how it all came about leaked out there wasn't a man in the game that didn't voice his opinion that the bookie got all that was coming to him.

McHoo. From the Chicago Tribune.

The new housemaid who had answered the ring of the postman glanced at the wrapper of the magazine, on which was in-JAMES SMITH McHOO.

and returned it to the man in the gray uniform, with the remark:
"That isn't for us. The name of the people who live here is Smith."
"That's all right," he said, handing it

"Well, but it isn't all right. Don't you suppose I know the name of this family? This is for somebody named McHoo. Can't you read?" "Yes. That's how I got my job. You can read well enough to see that the first part of that name is James Smith, can't

"Well, the McHoo means March, 1900, the time it's paid up to. Guess you'd better take it. You're a nice-looking girl, but your education is not quite complete. Good morning. See you again tomorrow '

He Would Rather Be Shot. From Tit-Bits.

The editor of a country newspaper always did his best to arouse the patriotism of his readers. One day a compositor came in from the composing room and planted himself before him.
"Well, sir," he said, "I have determined With mingled sensations of pride and re-

sponsibility the editor replied that, al-though sorry to part with such a good compositor, he was glad to see that he felt the call of duty.
"Oh, It isn't that," answered the compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than to set any more of your copy."



Compulsory Education.

Step up, you backward nations, for we have no time to fool; We're going to instruct you to observe the

Golden Rule. We're going to confer the blessings generally prized And keep both eyes upon you till we get

Right off we'll show you how to work your mines and make 'em pay, And we'll help collect your taxes in a very

you civilized.

generous way. Step up, you backward nations! It is time you went to school-

We're going to instruct you to observe the Golden Rule.

Bring on the trusty Maxim gun for fear they raise a fuss And say they do not want white shirts and

beaver hats like us; And bring those modern rifles; they're the very finest brand;

And cartridges, the very best that money can command. The right is bound to conquer, but some

children, so they say, Have got to get a trouncing ere you teach them to obey

So heave a chunk of lyddite, with a steady aim and cool-

We're going to instruct 'em to observe the Golden Rule.

He Knew Some Big Ones, Too. The lawyer was just starting home after a hard day's work in the court room. A sedate-looking man approached him and

"I don't know whether you remember me or not. I am one of the talesmen whom you interrogated yesterday."

said:

"Ah?" "There are one or two small matters that I wanted to ask you about. You seem to be a person of very superior intelligence, and I hope you will give me a few minutes. I'll walk along with you to your car so as not to waste any time. What I wanted to ask you is this: If I were to say to you that the three faces which include a triedral angle of a prism are equal in all their parts to the three faces which include a triedral angle of a second prism, each to each, and are like placed, the two prisms are equal in all their parts,' what would you understand by it?"

"Why, sir-really-" "You don't mean to tell me you are

stumped by a little one like that?" "You see, the question is a little sudden, and in order to grasp its full significante-"Never mind. Here's an easier one, nearer the beginning of the book. If I were to suggest to you, that a certain object is a polyedron, in which two of the faces are polygons, equal in all their parts, and having their homologous sides parallel, what would be the impression conveyed to

your mind?"
"To be candid, I never looked into the subject very deeply."
"You don't mean to own up that you wouldn't know it was a plain, everyday

"I nadn't thought of it in that light." "That's all. My boy, who isn't through high school, could have answered those questions without stopping to think. I feel better. You were putting on a lot of airs yesterday, but you ain't any encyclopaedia. I don't believe you are even a handy com pendium of useful knowledge. After this isplay of lamentable ignorance on your part. I want to make just one suggestion If you ever get me into court again, don't you swing at me with any more big words and try to act haughty. I've got your measure, and I'm liable to be just as super-

Blykins Does His Best.

Mrs. Blykins has a certain streak of ro nance in her disposition, although her domestic atmosphere is not favorable to its cultivation. It was Saturday evening and she had just come home from the matinee where all is so different from this work-aday world, where all is so coarse and commonplace. Her husband sat down at the table, and, as usual, pushed everything away except a cup of tea and a morsel of steak. As he tient resignation. He reread the same paragraph a number of times without in the least comprehending the sense of it, and then he crumpled the paper and threw it with all his might into the coal scuttle. He bets all looked alike to the bookmaker. He took all the money that came along without rubbing. He thought he had a corked-up good thing.

"When the trumpet sounded and the was obliged to do it all over again. He was obliged to do it all over again. He passed his hand over his forehead and stopped abruptly before his wife.

"Valerie, my darling," he said.
"To whom are you talking?" she asked,
rather sharply. "You're getting me mixed with some one else. My name isn't Valerie, and you know it."
"Yes, it is," he answered. "If you think

to you, and don't you lose sight of the fact.
If it's necessary, I'm going to get the legis-lature to ratify this new deal in names.

Valerie, my darling—"
"I don't know what is coming over you,"
she protested "I detest the name. It
sounds like some medicine."
"Well, then, Rosalie. How does 'Rosalie' She looked at him in silent astonishment

"Rosaite, my darling," he went on, taking her hand, "something has come between us. A cloud has drifted into our lives. Almost imperceptible at first, its shadow has deepened until we may no longer look straight into each other's heart. You have some secret.

"I haven't anything of the kind!"
"Yes, you have," he insisted, as he made
an attempt to sit on the arm of her chair, and slid off. He finally succeeded in get ting a more or less secure perch, and tried to draw her head over so that it would rest on his bosom.
"Go 'way!" she squealed. "You are spoiling my frizzes."
"Frizzes be blamed," he shouted. "I want

to know what it is that has crept into our lives and is blasting our young happiness." "I was going to tell you all about it," she exclaimed. "There wasn't any need for you to carry on this way." "Great Scott!" he shouted. "Do you mean

to say there is anything serious the mat-ter?" "I didn't suppose you would go guessing around this way and have suspicions," she answered chokingly. "I know I could have made it all up. It was only four dollars and seventy-hree cents, anyhow. It was such a beautiful piece of china! I know oughtn't to have gone in debt for it, but I

could very easily have saved it out of the housekeeping money without scrimping the table a bit."
"Who said anything about four dollars and seventy-three cents?" he demanded,

savagely.
"You did, Jerry; you know you did. You "You did, Jerry; you know you did. You began talking about a shadow coming over our lives and terrible secrets until you got my conscience all stirred up. I'm sure I never thought you'd make such a fuss about four dollars and—"
"Keep the change. Never mind the 73 cents. Give your arithmetic a holiday, Sally—I mean Valerie—that is, Rosalie—and listen to me. Ah, Rosalie, think of the days when we were young. Look into

days when we were young. Look into your heart and ask if it has changed so much. If it is better that we should part, tell me and I will go. But think—think

carefully for the sake of our sweet, innocent child. "Yes. And if you keep on yelling and wake him up, he won't go to sleep again tonight."

"I will go out into the world alone and try to forget." "I wish you'd stop tugging at my hand that way. I told you this morning I had a "You will let me come sometimes and see the child. You will teach him to call me 'papa' and let me kiss him-for his moth-

r's sake? She began to cry in good earnest as she said:
"The horrid old plate is in the top bu-"The horrid old plate is in the top bureau drawer in my room. I was saving it
to give you on Christmas. You can take it
down town and maybe they will give you
the money back. If I had ever dreamed,"
she protested between sobs, "that you were
going to go stark staring crazy over four
dollars and seventy..."

"Cut the four seventy-three!" he inter-rupted vehemently. "Don't you try to im-pute false motives to me. Don't you know what I'm doing?"
"Not exactly."

"I'm trying to make you forget the humiliation a woman must feel when she comes home from the matinee and realizes that she has been tied up for life to a plain every day proposition, who wears pepper-



and-salt clothes, and eats 15-cent lunches and comes home dead tired at night after a hard day's seance with that vulgar thing known as work. I heard you sigh, and I know that was what you were thinking

She couldn't deny it. "There's one thing I want to tell you right here and now," he went on flercely. "Don't you let the idea get into your head that because I have the dyspepsia and talk short, I don't think a heap of you. Don't you imagine for an instant that I don't appreciate what you've stood all these years, and that I ain't proud to husthe se years, who that I aim I product to hus-tle and pay house rent and buy coal for the sake of such a woman as you are. I'm willing to do anything I can, Sally, too, that II please you. I'm ready to learn to shoot my cuffs and smoke cigarettes and shoot my cuffs and smoke cigarettes and lean languidly against the mantelpiece if it'll help make you feel more comfortable. I've been studying these matinee dramas, and if you like that sort of thing, the fact that it makes me tired doesn't make the slightest difference. Didn't I do purty good for a starter?"

She gazed at him in gentle astonishment and began to write fairly.

she gazed at him in gentie astonishment and began to smile faintly. "That's the way they always talk, you know-going out into the world—for the sake of the child—terrible secret and ail

that sort of tommyrot. "What wasn't tommyrot." "The terrible secret-the four dollars and "The terrible secret—the four dollars and seventy-three cents."

He regarded her with mute despair and took a handful of change from his pocket.

"Here." he said. "Take this twenty-seven cents. Make it an even five. I'm tired of trying to remember odd figures. And for heaven's sake bring me a table-spoon and that new bottle of dyspepsia compound."

Critical Analysis.

The critic in the barn yard sat In hours of rural rest. He sought for flaws in this and that Such was his daily quest. A kindly hen was cackling there

Beneath the genial sun. As she strode past him with the air Of simple duty done. "I'm sorry, Mistress Hen," quoth he, "To hear you spoff a song.

You're cackling sadly off the key; Your phrasing's very wrong. "And then your strut! A touch of grace You very sadly miss.

When you would move about the place You ought to walk-like this." The poor hen halted on her way And in dejection stood. Her humble manner seemed to say,

"I've done the best I could." His haughty hand the critic waved. And sadly wrenched her heart By saying, "You have misbehaved, And broke the rules of art.

"It grieves me much to tell you so: Your pardon I must beg; But, Mistress Hen, you do not know The way to lay an egg."

Objected to Foolishness. "My dear," said the young father, "there one request I want to make of you." "What is it, dear?"

"I wish, dear, that you wouldn't talk this

baby talk to our child. It's absurd. The idea of saying 'kitchy-kitchey-kee' and whose wizzicuns is 'oo?' to a human being is little less than barbarous. Don't you let the neighbors do it, either. "I'll try not to, dear," she answered, pa-

tiently. "But it seems to amuse Doriy so 'Don't call him 'Dorjy,' either. It's posi-

tively idiotic. His name's 'George,' and there's no use of starting him out in life with a vocabulary like a Polynesian national hymn." "But he's a little fretful today and wants

to be amused." 'There are rational ways of amusing a child. You can sing to him."
"I have been singing to him."
"Well, give him to me and I'll sing to

him awhile She passed the baby over and he proceeded to do his best with the Toreador's song and the Bedouin love song and various other selections. The baby persisted in whimpering. He continued to sing, and presently the little one began to smile. In "You have quieted him beautifully," the mother admitted. "By the way, what was

that song you sang over and over again? It seemed so tuneful and lively."
"Haven't you heard that?" he queried in astonishment. "It's from the latest opera, and it's a corker. The chorus goes "Tootliedy, foodledy, up-i-dee! Jimmity, jammity, jingeree! Riggity, jiggity, rummity-he!

Blimmity blam, and away we go! "I only remember the chorus, but I'm going to buy it and learn the whole thing

Suffering Humanity. From Puck.

Barber (after shaving customer)-"Your hair is a little gray, sir-